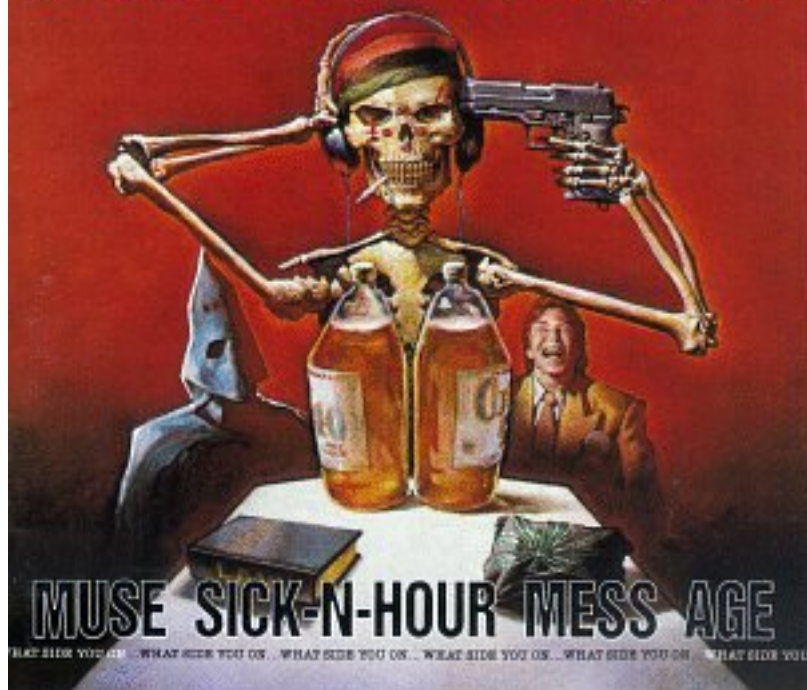


# PUBLIC ENEMY



# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Whole Lotta Love Goin On In The Middle Of Hell"

Whole lotta love goin on  
In da middle of what?  
Say what?  
What's goin on?

I leave em home alone  
Dey turned into danger zones  
Studio shootouts, leavin no doubt  
In da eyes of the wise  
About the other guys

Fantasi n gettin nat rep  
Makin you move  
While they disturb the groove  
Now the partys over ooops!  
Outta time  
Yo my brother can you spare a crime  
Some wanna take me out  
I even call em my own  
(Can't we all just get along?)  
Rap iz a contact sport  
Can I get support  
When I hum to da maximum  
What I talk is straight  
From da sidewalk strong

The velt New York  
112 beatz a minute  
An I'm flowin in it  
Have no mercy  
On da ones that curse me

And when I'm in da paint  
The feuding might be over  
But the fussin aint  
Some hate the way I say em  
Cause I block em like  
Zo to da am  
Beginning of an end of an error  
Incredible shrinking race

Fiend without a face  
Still got love for em  
But some aint got love  
For the rest of us

So my boys get iller than

Illinois (Terminator)

Return to da noise

I'd rather fall off

Than fall victim of crime

And a low percentage rhyme

If I go down they goin wit me

So come & get me...c'mon

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Give It Up"

Aight, aight, aight, aight, aight, aight, aight

I'm aight if you aight, I'm aight

I be better, get some of that bass

Word

You know what I'm sayin'

Give it up

Aight, yeah

Booty twinkin' body shakin'

Nuffattackin', brain's a rackin'

Clock tockin', chuck shockin'

Flavor flavor, ain't never shavin'

One, two, three, four

It's another record, check it, mad methods

To put my brothers and sisters on a deathbed

You know he cheated, took what he wanted but now you blunted

Suckin' up to the devil, steppin' down a level

It's who they fear is you

Who protects us from us and you from you

Yes and it counts, fuck the forty ounce

I sued them bastards, yeah, they got bounce

I did 'em like a demo, threw 'em out the window

I took a 98 'cause I never liked a limo

But pump pump pump pu-pump pump it up

A mad rhyme for mad times, that's what's up

Some ain't gonna change, I got 'em in a range

I gotta rearrange, so I'm buildin' back your brain

Wreckin' records with funky stuff

Am I loud enough? Yeah, you got ta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yeah

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up now

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Come again with the same old bounce

I'm calling a foul and once again it counts

Mad tense, mad tense brothers know

The blunts in the back got the black behind and that's wack

And once again it's on!  
Hey, Jimmy cracked corn cracker singin', "I don't care", it's on  
I'm comin' with a rhyme, what? I'm lettin' go a rhyme, yeah!  
I gotta get a rhyme through the rough and crazy times

You call me a Hannibal lecture, yes I checked her  
They don't hear me though, so here I go  
I'm sick and tired so Sly'll take ya higher  
When I'm takin' his sound to bring you down

Rappers rippin' a lyrical kickin' finger-lickin'  
But to the rhythm I'm givin' but never cotton pickin'  
Like James Brown I'm sayin' it loud  
Am I loud enough? Huh, you got ta give it up

Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change  
Some ain't gonna never ever change  
Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change  
Some ain't gonna never, ever change

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up  
Give it up, give it up, give it up now  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

And when I'm coming, some young dumb and fulla cum  
Some second guessing my lessons about saving young  
Some don't know like Run said, "So here we go"  
Where it is inside, whoop, there it is

There it is, there it is, damn right  
My man X is a bad mother, shut your mouth  
I'm talking about Terminator, he's the man  
There it is, can you hit me off with another one

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up  
Give it up, give it up, give it up now  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up  
Give it up, give it up, give it up now  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

I never did represent doing dumb shit  
Some gangsta lying, I'd rather diss Presidents  
Dead or alive, bring 'em and I'll swing 'em  
I vocalize, I just rap, I don't sing 'em

Flick 'em, and I fling 'em, you can go with 'em  
Hall of Fame for the game for the points I Dave Bing 'em

Go Grandmama, close but no cigar  
I got mine for I'm using my rhyme

The flow go wherever I want, and that's clever  
Give a piece of my time to prevent some crime  
And who behind puttin' the guns to the young ones  
The ones that make 'em is the ones that take 'em

Rugged for no reason, down in duck season  
I don't want my mama, on the street wearing armor  
So check yaself before ya wreck yaself  
Respect yaself, hah, you got ta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up  
Give it up, give it up, give it up now  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

...

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "What Side You On?"

It's overtime  
So the lyric  
They fear it  
When they hear it  
The flow  
100 miles and runnin  
Get near it  
And go  
Check it out  
Go  
To the race  
Give the drummer a taste  
The bass iz commin commin  
Suckas runnin from it  
Damn, why you call him  
The man  
Here I am scamm  
Never ran  
Never fight the black  
From Iraq  
Or Iran  
Who bombed Japan  
Blood on his hands  
Part of a plan  
He don't really believe  
In uhh! God damn

If it comes down to shuttin  
Them down  
I'm in the hood surrounded  
Tell em I'm grounded  
I'm on that psycho analytical  
Tip if politics iz stickin to  
The mix  
Like tricks  
I'm one more time givin time  
Where the rhyme go  
Elite to the street  
To the brothas doin death row  
So where ya at  
If the beat ain't fat  
Say what

C'mon  
And get some  
Rattle rattle  
Kiss and I hum

Come can you  
Get it on the one  
C'mon pick it up  
pick it at  
pack it at  
pack it up  
To the black  
Who be talkin  
Where they at  
Where they at  
Wicked wild  
Feelin irie  
Not sorry  
Get it see it written down in a diary  
Same say fuck all dat  
Political shit  
But wanna get paid when  
Their brains in the second grade

Nowhere to run/here they come come  
Nowhere to run/here they come come

I'm a fan first  
I reverse another trick verse  
To the point  
Where I can rock dis funky joint  
In the brain game, I'm keepin my head clear  
In 33 years so what  
I never had a beer  
I don't know what I'm missin  
I'm not dissin  
But I know I ain't ass kissin  
Time to draw the line  
This time the rhyme  
Got da good guy goin gettin da nine  
Cause I know the hoody  
Got it good wit the hitman  
Can I get a hitman  
Know I'm duckin nat quicksand  
The funky automatic  
Handlin static  
Sellin out I ain't good at it  
& when I got bumbed  
I'm gonna open up  
Hitt em up stone to da bone  
But it ain't gotta be like that

And thats that  
Can u tell me yall...what  
All in wit the law  
They fall in  
The great white hole where they  
Be sellin their soul



Never get enough  
They be talkin dat roughneck shit  
Be comin they quit  
Fuck dat blood iz ticker  
Than water shit  
That shit iz counterfeit  
Devil go where da shoe fit  
Black mans law iz raw like Africa  
You violate  
Were comin after ya

They're here

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Bedlam 13:13"

Huffed and he puffed  
Huffed and he puffed  
Blew tha house down  
Now how dat sound  
Never no never  
Give up gotta gotta live up  
To my name  
Triple double in da rap game

Cause I ain't goin niggatronic  
Smart e nuff to know I ain't bionic  
Wit my main man Harry  
Not Connick  
Rather rap my black as of  
Getcha hooked on phonics

Good e nuff to know no endo  
Thru it out tha window  
Along wit tha Super Nintendo

I'm a strict daddy  
Got dat right  
God damn right  
But have a good time/Dyn-o-mite  
Its just that I don't talk  
That same ol crap (shit)  
Cause papa got a brand new  
Bag fulla rap (hitz)

The world don't work no more no more  
The world wont work no more  
Ain't gonna week no more no more

My main knick knack paddy wack  
C'mon & give a damn  
Confrontational man  
Iz what I am  
Iz what I am  
I'm tearin down da house that Jack built  
Cause he killt whoever he wanted & hunted  
And tax the backs of the environment macks  
Who plan in da silence of the skams  
A world dat wont work  
No more/no more

Mother earth gets treated like a whore  
And he doeth great wonders

So that he maketh fire come  
Down from heaven on the earth  
In sight of men

Toms to the left of me  
Bombin to the right  
World good night  
He got destruction  
In his appetite

On a platter a planet  
To him it doesn't matter  
3-2 at the plate  
Up go the greedy batter

Environmental alarm  
To all not some  
Good God  
Cause we don't get two of em

I was told that oil & water don't mix  
But the new world order  
Got a disorder  
& so I diss  
Cuss my disgust  
If I must  
One earth is da birth outta all of us  
And so I diss  
After the math  
Disaster wit a European autograph

Gonna be bedlam  
If he spread em  
Da trigga is cocked  
Nowhere to flock

Gonna be bedlam  
If he spread em  
Pass da word  
F what you heard

Gonna be bedlam  
If he spread em  
Glock is cocked  
Now drop da props  
Gonna be bedlam  
If we spread em  
The day the whole world couldn't do it

Repent  
Oh no!  
Check the preacher what he spent  
One way ticket to God to fix scars

Woman & man runnin the land sea & air poor  
Do we all go the way of the dinosaur? or  
To hell & back attack  
The new clear fog got us sniffin like  
Atomic dogs  
Pocket fulla pimp daddy moves  
Put a code on a can  
Whatta hell of a man, shootin  
Trigga pollution, planet prostitution  
Uprootin da third  
We go to the way of the bird  
Can't do whatcha want to da place  
Don't waste my place  
Where you from?  
We only got one

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Stop In The Name..."

Full fledgin never sat on my legend  
No shuffle or shoulder shruggin  
Uncle Tommin nickel & dime rhymin  
This renegade rippin  
Rugged trax I love it  
Sorta black owned  
Like da Denver Nuggets  
Pow pow  
The original  
Harder hitter  
Iz back in black  
On deck wit a turtleneck  
Uh ha you can drink  
All you want  
But hard don't make  
Da liquid matter you intake  
The logical  
Sorta psychological  
Brother like butter spread to one  
Another  
Thicker da blunt & got sicker  
Once upon a rhyme all bigger  
Meant was for bigga cotton picker  
Leave alone  
The men from the mice  
Who twice packs da gatt  
Turn into dirty ratts  
I'm comin wit the antidote, I hope they cope  
To da rhythm I wrote  
Pawns in da game  
Goin down da drain  
Final call to my race in pain

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "What Kind Of Power We Got?"

Yo another day  
Another 49 cents

Mr., Mr., why you always tryin to take all our money

Because I am the government  
And you have to pay

Stop tryin to take our money

Yo, you gotta bust this  
We want justice  
From public enemy number one  
To cant trust this

Like F Jim or Hyatt  
Because we're sick and fuckin tired  
Of being mistreated by the undefeated  
Power to the seat that cant be beat  
Probably gone is the head that make Clinton defeat  
Do all the talkin  
Plus crooked walkin  
Blind to the fact  
That the enemy is stalking  
Ways for days  
Search United States quite  
Were not a full power  
Cause the racial riot  
In my neighborhood  
We attempt to kill each other  
Politics said fuck power to the brother  
Be strong be righteous  
Don't be no sinister  
I got the word from bro. minister (minister)  
Farrakhan speaks  
And so does Muhammad  
The days of Ramagon is  
Protect you can harm it  
My statement is the fact  
To the highest degrees  
Flavor works this style, yo cant touch me

What kind of power we got  
Soul power [8X]

Bring it on (I know you got soul)

Goin on it get it  
Gotta get it on  
Goin on it get it  
Gonna get it on [4X]

Yo, some seek stardom  
And forgot all about Harlem  
Yo, fuggess  
Rock the house!

Now I don't know  
But tell me what you gonna do  
When the ending of time comes near  
What ever you do  
It's gotta be funky  
I am not tryin  
To put your life in full of fear  
By the favor skies  
We are flying  
Truth we be buying  
To buy out all the lying  
How you livin  
Were you livin  
Were you livin  
It ain't got to be like that  
By doing the givin  
It was your own choice  
Scratched up your Rolls Royce  
Every dum friend you had  
Was glad to rejoice  
And turned into a nut  
Trying to make the pockets fatter  
One shoot in the head  
Everybody scatter  
The worlds gonna  
Catch on fire  
A funeral buyer  
Is a hard heads people desire  
Every night you tryer  
You turn into a cryer  
Who was just in bed  
Thinkin higher, higher  
Friends will always move  
Till you get the bob wire  
Ever common law gets a flat tire

What kind a power we got  
Soul power [4X]

What kind a power you got  
Soul power [2X]

What kind a power we got

Soul power

Take me on

Goin on it get it  
Gotta get it on  
Goin on it get it  
Gonna get in on [4X]

You check this out  
My partner Chuck D  
Got all the ozs of knowledge, wisdom and understanding  
A, yo Chuck  
Let 'em know why you the  
Prophet of rap  
Kick that shit Chuck

Some people, people  
Don't like the way Flavor walk

Come on we want all the people to check it  
Out and listen to it good listen to the man

That's my partner partner

Some people, people  
Don't like the way the Flavor Flav talk

But ladies and gentlemen  
I like for you to know  
This my main man throwing down

What kind a power we got  
Soul power  
What kind a power you want now  
Soul power  
What kind a power need now  
Soul power  
What kind a power you got now  
Soul power  
Know you gots to have it  
Soul power  
I check the soul  
And you want some  
Soul power  
What kind a power we got now  
Soul power  
Now I know you got soul ya'll  
Soul power  
What kind a power we got ya'll  
Soul power

Yeah!!!!



I know the Flava got soul  
I know you gotta have soul  
What kinda power you got ya'll  
What kinda power we need ya'll  
Of course I know you got Flava  
And the Flava got soul  
What kind a power we got  
Soul power

No cursing  
Only versing  
And if it ain't better  
Then we make it worsen  
All that!!!!

Rock the house ya'll  
Come on!

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "So Watcha Gone Do Now?"

Talkin dat drive by shit  
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang  
Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master  
Buck boom buck another  
Neighborhood disaster  
(Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz  
A muther fuckin gun  
But an organized side  
Keep a sellout nigga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid  
Step on the rest of the hood  
Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches  
Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw  
When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk  
Walkin dat catwalk  
Where you tryin to go wit dat  
Don't even go dere wit dat rap  
Guns drugs an money  
All you know how  
So watcha gonna do now?

I'm bout ready to bounce

Trouble on the corner of blunt ave  
An 40 ounce

Madd uncivilized lifestyles  
30 years bids for kids, now thats wild

I'm raisin my child  
I'm steppin to da curb  
Wit a sign do not disturb

Too much don't give a fuck

Or a damn thing  
But choose what the other man bring

I sing a song cause I see wrong

I'm not down with the fe fi fo  
Where I come from  
See, the brothers ain't dumb

Sense goes over nonsense  
When it makes no sense  
I'm throwin up da fence

Talkin dat drive by shit  
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit  
Talkin dat drive by thang  
Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk  
Walkin dat catwalk  
Were you tryin to go wit dat  
Dont even go there wit dat rap  
Guns drugs & money  
All you know how  
So whatcha gone do now?

*[Break]*

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man  
Gotta use a trigga  
On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back  
Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home  
Ungrown & now they on they own  
Now check yourself cool  
What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool  
Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "White Heaven / Black Hell"

This is for the ones that do it  
This is for the ones that tell  
This is for the ones thats scared  
White mans heaven is a black mans hell

This is for the ones that take em  
This is for the ones that sell  
This is for the ones that od

This is for the ones on the corner  
This is for the ones in the cell  
This is for the ones under the ground  
White mans heaven is a black mans hell

Black history - white lie  
Black athletes - white agents  
Black preacher - white Jesus  
Black drug dealer - white government  
Black entertainers - white lawyers  
Black monday - white Chistmas  
Black success story - white wife  
Black police - white judge  
Black business - white accoutants  
Black record co - white distribution  
Black comedians - white media  
Black politicians - white president  
Black genocide - white world order

So whatcha sayin

White mans heaven is black mans hell

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Race Against Time"

Microphone check  
Microphone check

Can I get a check up from the neck up  
Can I kick a rhyme  
While I'm checkin my time  
Can I get a cure  
Cause you did da crime  
For sure  
You're

Probably killin me  
Wit these shots

Tell me what I got  
An I'm gone

Pandemic  
Who did it  
Right who did it  
Thats who did it

Who/World Health Organized  
Murderized

Came to the aid got paid

Doctor doctor in a lab  
Concocted a germ warfare to the botty  
I rocked it

105 million goin down  
In da ground

Most in da black an da brown  
Ow!

How did I catch this riddle  
If I didn't crossover  
Like a Hardaway dribble

They blamed it on some  
Green African money

Now ain't that funky

While da clock

Iz doin da tickin & tock

I didn't know

Dat da guns aimed & cocked

Were runnin outta

Time.....time

Rage against

Testin 1 - 2

Testin 1 - 2

Can I get a blood check testin 1 - 2

Can I get a witness?/yes you can

Can I get a witness?/yes you can

Then check it

I'm checkin records and facts

About da battle

To da Indian, Japanese

Whites and blacks

Germs they spread it

Warfare I read it

Quote me on this yes and I said it

Bet it

Bigger damage than the trigger & glocks

Mass murder in mass from a

Blanket full a small pox

No guarantees gettin lesser fees

In Tuskegee blacks got shot

Wit disease

Please check da time

C'Mon check da rhyme

Tribe a mine killed by da swine

Who crossed da line?

Who did da crime

The mind of a world destroyin kind

Were runnin outta

Time.....time

Rage against time

Oh.....oh

Ey.....ey

Rage Against Time Speech On Slow Down

A lil piece of mind  
While we runnin outta time  
People of color  
Goin out like no other kind  
Madd drama genetic gettin wreck  
Protect da neck check the epidemic  
Drug use addiction & murder  
I heard a pregnancy  
Infant mortality  
Rest in poverty  
Not piece  
Disease till deceased  
Sterilized  
Realized  
That beast  
So heres a word to the wise  
Were runnin outta  
Time.....time

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "They Used To Call It Dope"

Little piece of my heart like Janis  
No Joplin  
But pure hip hoppin  
As they try to ban us  
Crazy flight time no jacket  
Or ticket  
Wilson Picket had soul  
Fat trax so the rappers  
Can kick it  
Alan freed the waves  
As much as  
Lincoln freed da slaves  
Its here I bleed and some  
Bled until dead  
I got the rhythm from this  
Headbanger  
Who used to fly high  
Now he's just hangin in da hanger  
Hangin around homeless  
In a city of no hope I can't cope  
Just to think  
See they used to call it dope



# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Ain'tnuttin Buttersong"

We got so much soul  
You can damn near see it  
Spinnin on a 45  
I've come to the conclusion  
Clear the confusion  
My point is to rock  
Dis funky joint  
Don't you know  
I got tangled  
In the star spangled banner  
In the middle of Alabama  
Or was it Tennessee or Arkansas  
New York & Cali got the same  
Amount of race rallys  
I know they wanna hang me  
Straight around the neck  
So I'm knockin off the hand checks  
So you can  
When I say what it is  
It ain't nutting but a song

Krackas, killas, kidnappas  
KKK tryes to blame it on the rappers  
They dont count the ones  
That bounce to the 40 ounce  
Or the runts dat get stunted  
By the bluntz  
This time I'm gonna take it down the line  
To the ones that are ready  
They be holdin it steady  
When a song so wrong  
So many be singin it  
Strangled tangled  
Caught in a spangled  
Banner got em on dat camera  
Stars I'm seein from  
A beatdown in a slamma  
O cay can you see  
But you cant  
Uncle Sammy wears the pants  
Toms his bitch  
When he's swingin a switch  
Rather stick da poor up  
And give it to da rich  
I always thought dat power  
Was to the people, we the people  
O say can I see we ain't people

When I pledge allegiance  
I shoulda got a sticka  
1st grade/2nd grade  
I shoulda just kicked a  
Verse in the middle of class  
Instead of singin bout bombs  
Like a dumb ass  
Land of the free  
Home of the brave  
And hell with us nigas we slaves  
That shoulda been the last line  
Of a song that's wrong form to get  
So when everybody stand  
I sit

The red is for blood shed  
The blue is for the sad ass songs  
We be singin in church while white mans heaven is black mans hell  
The stars what we way when we  
Got our ass beat  
Stripes whip marks in our backs  
White is for the obvious  
Ain't no black in that flag

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Live And Undrugged Pt. 1 & 2"

*[Live And Undrugged Part I]*

Its been a long time  
Since the rhyme rode  
A rough road  
I'm riding rhymes & givin  
A dose of brotherland  
Never said I wasn't good at it  
Cause I'm a static addict  
No fear you gotta  
Know I had it  
If you know better  
Spose to do better  
So I know like Al Green  
We gotta stay together

Knock, knock...who's there  
Where? overhere  
Da boom kids knockin  
Bang and they outta here  
The dopemans livin at home  
Aloneman  
They don't understand  
But they can  
They can can  
If I don't say it  
I'm a sucka parlayin it  
Don't really matter  
When the flow fatter

But I don't don't  
Believe  
& duck bob an weave  
Will deceive a street corner  
And the 40 thieves

They bring em in  
You do em in  
He bring em in  
You do us in

Smell em knockin da/boom  
Hear em hittin nat/boom

I'm comin atcha  
Live and uncut  
An undrugged

These days they be thinkin I'm bugged  
Livin I be kicken it

Hard instead of lickin it  
Down domination on the overground

Tell me what we be  
Seekin is self preservation  
A nation of millions  
Gotta go wit a feelin  
Uncle Sam be gatt Uncle Tom  
And when it comes to drugs  
Uncle Tom gotta bomb  
Can I get a pop  
Till the muthafukas stop  
Sellin nat shit  
That make the hoody drop  
No more easy gettin over  
For da cracka in the back

Yo its over  
Number 1 wit a bullet  
He pull it what I do now  
Cant out run it or duck  
Or get a new Chuck  
Up against the wall  
Wont confess yall  
I mo move & I'm gone  
An so I guess yall  
Lemme tell you so lend me a listen  
I'm missin a life  
If I ain't givin up an ass kissin  
No television or movie style  
No buckwild thinkin  
Cause I don't know what he drinkin  
But he better act quick  
Cause I'm gettin quicker  
3 mo seconds to go  
I hope he hold da trigga  
If he do dat  
The gatt iz outta his hands

& then he gotta deal wit a man  
Punks jump up to get beat  
I'm on the funky beat  
Beat beat yall  
Until its 6 feet  
Under dirt & the mud  
Here we go again  
Another enemy if you  
Never was a friend  
Never clever  
As I was in this endeavor

Never again trust a smile or grin  
From comin outta da womb  
To endin up in a tomb  
Another sport  
Caught knockin nat boom

Here go the verse that hurts  
Head brother in charge  
So I better get bodyguard  
What can I do  
Break a leg on the avenue  
Where the bootleggers  
They be stackin the odds  
Try to be hard but they playin my cards  
Fuckin wit chicken  
But I'm duckin in the lard  
Been goin straight since 78  
I wanna live I don't wanna be late  
I head em comin at me  
Runnin fast & ruff  
Ain't this a bitch & test for the tuff  
Bang/doubt it  
Without a life  
I cant live without it  
Bang

*[Live And Undrugged Part II]*

Rhymer in a zone

Say u wanna revolution  
40 acres to 40 ounces  
Plus they announcin  
The mule is the one thats fooled  
But I pass to be that jackass  
Knockin that boom  
To the tomb  
Out the womb  
I bet against the spread  
I flipped death threats  
And the 3 to the head  
Never get enough  
The raw, the rugged, the ruff  
Oh my the jam the dunk the stuff  
I got a mind thats maddes than Minolta  
Hard in a rock place my corner  
And the winner is  
Whoop there it is  
33 years without a beer or slow gin fizz  
Rather get frunk off  
Hearin rhymin wit biz  
Rhymamatician, rumpshaker  
Mindquaker

Not a cracker or a quacker  
But a waker  
Put my thing down  
Step my shit up  
Put up or shut up  
Peace to the original what up  
Back to the motherland  
Where its warmer, transformer  
Kill the informer  
I hear em talkin creepin  
But I'm not sleepin  
My mellow I go back  
Way back going, going  
Before crack  
And the 8 track  
Still goin, gone, goodbye  
To the lazy  
I ain't pushing up or drivin  
No daisies  
I gotta remember Philly in September  
Ain't nuttin finer than peace  
In Carolina & to the gods  
Wanna be, gotta be  
Starter of mo flow  
Here we go the front row  
As I cut the silly rhymin  
Riddlin still the flow  
Gettin ridda dem  
Racist swazis  
Cause I'm brinin kamikazes  
They gotta give us where we live  
We don't own  
What you think is home  
Its time to go up in smoke  
911 is no joke  
Once again friends  
This enemy states fiddy states  
Still say chill wait until  
The right time baby  
Damn the blood line  
Gettin raid with AIDS  
But somebodys gettin paid  
Lets get it on and a on  
But brothers gettin killed  
Cause blunts & 40's is like  
Cookies to da milk  
I'm not crazy  
I'm the revelation  
Last days in time  
The overtime rhymer  
Rhymer in a zone  
Right vs wrong  
Good versus evil

God versus the devil  
Public Enemy  
Muse Sick In Hour Mess Age

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Thin Line Between Law And Rape"

Ya took me from a place  
Where the race didn't matter  
And gathered up bodies  
Without a choice  
So I rather  
Pass my opinion/back  
Run ya over  
With my rack an pinion  
Never stop the engine  
For watcha fathers did do the indian  
North & south  
Plus the Carribbean

I got a vendetta  
Cause I know better  
Better black than a stereotype white  
No cash flow wit out work  
Talkin bout the past  
You busted our past  
You busted our ass  
Now you afraid cause I never got paid  
Now sucka jump  
You cant take whatcha want

### *[Chorus]*

You can't take whatcha want  
Cause ya took whatcha want  
Cant get away cause we got it on tape  
You cant take whatcha want  
Cause ya took whatcha want  
Thin line between law & rape (scream)

You can't take whatcha want  
Don't cha know  
We ain't got nuttin left  
Cause you took the rest  
We ain't got jazz rock & roll  
Rappin the lose  
Wit a few fat ladies left singin da blues  
Go abracadabra to make  
A wish I can mess wit  
Wonder why I'm under  
Neath a crew I cant get wit  
I never knew land was an acquisition  
BS from the best man in position  
Come again wit dat shit  
And set hit like a punk



No, you cant take whatcha want

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Break]*

You cant take whatcha want

I open up the trunk

I see your phony ass

Try to counterfeit funk

From land to land

To sea to sea

Allover got the other man

Messin wit me

Took the motherland

Made a slave of my mother and man

Got a good man

Sayin goddamn

*[...Long pause]*

And to hell with

Back in the days

Unless we go way back

To the black ways

Always

Watch your back

If ya crooked don't front

You cant take whatcha want

*[Chorus 2X]*

We died on the line

We walk the fine line he talked a good line

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "I Ain't Mad At All"

Let me hear you say...

I ain't mad at all  
Bought a fat jam to make you flip the script  
Don't want to sleep and misbehave  
Understand what I'm saying

I'm all about makin some fat louies  
So I can buy my kids  
Motorcycles, candybars, Peter Paul  
Flavor Flave, he ain't mad at all  
Boyee

Poppa's got a brand new flav so once  
Again here we go [X4]  
I ain't mad at all [X3]

What you know  
What you know bout that boy?

Noodles, neon noodles  
On a fifth chillin with a toy  
He's chillin  
Thought he had a pit bull  
Eating brussel sprouts but he had a big bite  
He tried to bite me  
He tried to get me  
I turned around and I  
Hit him with my bike

They picked me up  
Put me in a wagon  
The bottom fell out and my ass start draggin

Who put the cuffs on Flava  
Why you gonna go and do that  
He's the Flavor mack [X2]

I ain't mad at all [X2]

Yo check out my honey hoe's  
Sing that shit gee

There's a Flavor Flav  
So what your girlie  
Before she wanna sneak out early  
Cause on the di

Flavor snatched her up

First there was superfly  
But Flavor's got more style  
And you can't tell because your crackin up

Let me hear you say...

Kick it

Kick it

I ain't mad at all [X6]

I got the feeling I got to tell ya  
You be a star  
And the man try to jail ya  
I don't pollute  
So why should I give a hoot  
You ask  
Why you livin foul

Na na na na na na

Why they wanna keep me down?

Cause you got Flavor workin day and nite

Why you wanna play me  
Like fried ice cream  
Give me nightmares  
Can't never have a nice dream

I feel like bustin loose

Bustin loose  
Give me a break y'all

You can try to cop my style  
But Flavor Flav got too much on file  
Boyee

I don't wanna go but I can't stay here no more

I ain't mad at all

Yeah, yeah, yeah

You flatlinin, you flatlinin you know what I'm sayin  
Who put the cuffs...



# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Death Of A Carjacka"

I'm keepin a cool head  
Smart and calculated  
Tell da skinheads what I said & they hate it  
One dumb move they make  
A mistake a turnover/going going gone  
And its over  
Shoulda thought silly rabbit  
Those habits'll getcha  
Runnin whitcha life  
So what some sucker snuck inside a knife  
But I'm checkin it out  
Back from a far you know  
They'll never know I'm backin up  
An jettin to my car

B4 they steal it  
Watch me ride an wheel it  
Ooh! child here it comes now  
I can feel it  
Inspiration from the situation  
Flowing to what I know an...

This ain't nuttin but another  
Headline statistic, two brothers  
But one went ballistic  
Now I'm chillin beside my ride  
Pulled over the side  
Five-O ran a check  
Now how the hell am I suspect

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "I Stand Accused"

I see I'm peeking out ready to rumble  
So now I'm speaking out  
Against those  
That flip the way the story goes  
One never knows  
Who be flippin the script  
Whatever the traitors name  
My aim is dunk em like  
I'm Chris Webber

So many phony smilin faces  
Traces of slander  
Got em comin outta funny places  
I had it an hear em  
Talkin loud behind my back  
What was good for the hood  
Is what they say is wack  
I take the stabbin & grin  
When I'm hit  
Cause I know the suckas smile  
When I leave em  
What I'm comin wit

I cant complain about the money  
Although the suckas in the back  
They talkin shit  
An laughin like its somethin funny  
I aim to make changes  
An never change  
Unless its for the better  
Cause I always been a go better

Clean hustler  
Rhyme instead of muscle ya  
Born when ya thinkin I'm gone  
The terror era is on...

I stand accused  
To the crews  
I paid my dues

I stand accused  
I refuse  
To stand and lose

I stand accused  
To the news

I kick da blues  
I stand accused  
I refuse

I hear em talkin & walkin  
Behind my back I'm attacked  
Fuck the knife in the back  
Cause it feels like they got an axe

Yeah I can dig it wit a shovel  
I never dig dirt wit the devil  
Instead I'm on that other level

But I took time to reach down  
To help the black & brown

I never stood around  
I hear em talkin behind  
My mind  
In a ocean of sharks  
And a back full a hackmarks

They say I'm fallin off  
Yeah, they better call it off  
& get muscle  
& find another hustle quick  
Sick n tired of critics  
But I can take a hit  
I'm all man  
Alley oopin the vocal on jams  
But they don't know it  
They can blow it

& take a puff of dis joint  
I see I'm kissin it off the cuff  
Behind the back  
I'm pullin axes and blades out the arms & the legs  
Still my fellas get paid  
The terror era is on

Fuck a critic/fuck fuck a critic  
All the fuckin critics  
Can get the did dit

All a fuckin critic does is  
Draw a fuckin line

Cross a line and dis my rhyme  
& then they ass is mine

If you find a critic dead  
Remember what I said  
Who killed a critic

Guess the crew did it

Say paybacks a crazy ass message  
Sent to the writers who criticize  
They're fuckin wit a freedom fighter

Who raises flags  
& dragged the klan in bodybags  
I hung em up in Mississippi & bum fuck  
This is Chuck so what the hell  
You think I did it for  
To open doors from Carolina to Arkansas  
And lemme let em I met em  
I told my boys forget em  
An what they did got rid of me  
Negative  
But 94 got stunts & blunts in da mix  
I hear the crowd fallin vic  
To old ghetto tricks  
But if I wasn't your cousin  
Wed leave em in the dozens  
Of sellin out & bellin out  
Half pint 40 ounce  
Announce to the rest  
We had a fall out

I never took a drink  
Never took a hit or bribe  
Or got spread by what a silly  
Rumor said  
Never sang or gang banged  
Sold out or rented hip hop  
Cause I know when to stop



# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Godd Complexx"

Are you ready?  
Uptown, on the corner, uptown  
Uptown on the corner, uptown  
I turn around and hear the sound of voices talkin bout who's  
goin to die next  
Cause the white man's got a God complex  
Tellin niggas screamin for help (help me, help me, help me, help me)  
Nigga go make your own help  
Shit you need it  
I turn around and hear the sound of jukeboxes playin in bars  
Pimps parked outside in big pretty Flavor Flav cars  
Cleaner than a broke dick dog  
Sittin in a big fine frog  
Dressed very fine and fly in their Calvin Kani  
No matter how you flex  
Yo Jim  
They'll die next  
Cause the white man's got a God complex  
Uptown on the corner, uptown [X4]  
Hey brother what you sport my man  
I got just the thing for you  
Only cause you're 10 and 2  
What ya gonna do baby  
I got black ones  
Brown ones  
Red ones  
Yellow ones  
I even got a white one  
If you want to buy some  
Yeah  
That's right  
2 5 8 play it straight  
Got it all worked out  
I know what I'm talkin bout  
Yo I been readin my dream books  
So I ain't no way the kid is gonna get took  
Nigga what you mean  
I didn't hit  
Nigga  
You full of shit  
Nigga  
Lick the ice (uh)  
Now 7  
Come on be nice and hit 11  
Well what do you know  
It's lil Joe  
Ey my man

Got twenty dollars eh lil Joe don't blow  
Ah baby needs a new pair of shoes  
Ah pappas got the funky blues  
Ah mamma plays the crosswords in the news  
Sorry nigga you lose  
The line forms to the rear lady muther fuck your welfare check  
Cause the white man's got a God complex  
Uptown on the corner [X4]  
Mr. Stein elevating a friend  
But is proud to be mine  
But you just want to cheat me cause I ain't your kind  
Damn  
I'm so poor  
I don't know what the hell I'ma do anymore  
Not from this day to the next  
Cause the white man's got a God complex  
[vamp out]

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Hitler Day"

500 years ago one man claimed  
To have discovered a new world  
Five centuries later we the people  
Are forced to celebrate a black holocaust

How can you call a takeover  
A discovery

Mass murderer  
This side of the planet  
Most people take it for granted  
502 and still doin  
Give a reason I'm hatin  
October celebratin  
The dead

Of the black the brown and red  
Sick an tired  
Of bein sick n tired  
Don't jump to conclusions  
Before I clear the confusion  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
I'm talkin bout Columbus

Hit me one

I don't hate nobody  
I hate that day  
Its as crazy as Hitler day

Hangin heads and snappin necks  
Splittin up kin  
Makin familys wrecked  
Turned this planet to a sewer  
Provin to all just a lil grab  
Will do ya  
Or do us  
So my disgust  
Got credit from the ones that  
Read it  
Ain't blind to the fact  
Of a whack headline  
And if you didn't I pay  
No mind

That's how I feel  
That's how I feel

This iz madd real

But these days  
Is crazy as Hitler day

I don't hate nobody

It's impossible to discover a land  
When people are already living there

Some thanks for the givin  
When times are hard  
& some got the nerve to pray to God  
Ain't about turkey  
& cider that gets me sick  
It's that take from the indian trick  
Lookin pretty grim  
When they takin da pill  
From the sucker seekin somethin to kill  
Now he got a day to celebrate  
Ain't that a trip  
Cause the indians ain't got shit

May 31st when it comin it hurts  
Remember the dead and it makes me curse  
When they don't include 100 million  
Of us black folks  
That died in the bottom of boats  
I can carry on bout the killin till  
Dusk & dawn  
And war ain't the reason they gone  
Fourth of July a fuckin lie  
When did we ever  
Get a piece of the pie  
Gotta whole day comin  
Without no pay  
Cause a fuckin job  
Cant gimme no play  
Even had enuff I huff & puff  
At brothers sellin the stuff  
Takin in washingtons  
Lincolns  
Not they birthdays  
Payback for em makin us slaves

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Livin In A Zoo (Remix)"

Skills to kill  
And fill a hole, we roll deep  
Wit a frown that's down  
Low in the meddle of jeep beats  
So I'm makin a point  
Not stickin butts or blunts  
But the Terminator X  
And the rhythm he cuts  
Figure this bigger brother  
Gonna trigger the track  
No I ain't country  
And my name ain't Zack  
Step the fuck back  
Take a look at the racks  
My world is a ghetto full of tapes and wax  
CDs they only double the tax  
And makin money money  
New York City to lax  
Tell the suckers suckers  
Never ever relax  
I'm kickin in cold facts so true  
It feels like I'm livin in a zoo

Sayin I'm down like psycho  
Wheres my rifle? right though  
I ain't Michael, yo  
I ain't sittin on the dock of the bay  
Wastin time in a crime wit a nine  
Rather find another brutal rhyme  
It's us verses, I put it all in verses  
If the sound reverses  
I pump it up wit curses  
Fuck sittin in the back of the bus  
But don't front what we lack  
We got it loaded in a back pack  
See they can do it to a man  
But wit men suckers semi  
Think that shit before they come again  
No science to the wild senile  
Slackin cause he packin like a

Runaway child yeah  
Would I ever try to sever, hell no  
Never would work if the  
Rhyme wasn't clever  
Wild in an isle  
Stackin high from the floor tile

Back in the rack, where the rap never seen a  
What I gonna wanna do...  
Feels like I'm livin in a zoo

I don't know where I'm at  
Here's a track  
I try to duck duck  
Those 3 bullets in the back  
Top 40  
Ignore me  
Sooooo  
I him 'em in the hood  
Until it feel good

But I'm all right though  
I wanna fight crazy dirty

It's not a matter of skills  
But a battle of wills  
Pow the stick up go the quicker the picker up  
Trigga eenie meanie

Wit the gatt that so fat  
Brrap bap bap cop dilla in a 16 wheeler  
They call me over the phone  
Che-che-checkin me out  
Takin my time  
To find a brother droppin dime  
Once again it's on  
In the paint, and I ain't givin up  
No props to the game  
And it stops in the name of the hip hop  
Reign and the pain got me goin  
Goddamn wont they even pull a  
Bullet on a pop jam